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VOL. LXXXIV

No. 1

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES,"

DECEMBER 1918

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

VAN DYCK & CO., INC., PRINTERS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MDCCCXVIII

Entered as second class matter at the New Haven Post Office

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DECEMBER, 1918

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EDITORS.

BUCHANAN BERNARDIN

JOHN WILEY

EDITORS IN SERVICE

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

JOHN F. CARTER, JR.

DONALD MALCOLM CAMPBELL

ROBERT M. COATES

THORNTON N. WILDER

THE MIGHTY MEN.

THE fire, a rollicking boy among fires, all boastful of his torches, how his family had toppled rugged Troy, how it had crumbled Rome, a time past had blazed and beamed; but now was grown an aged stick-in-the-mud, splotched silver atop, and underneath red gold in molten mumbling caverns, and now was jesting with me about ghosts.

"There, Marley's face is on the knocker," you might have said, had you been present; but you were away, I was alone with the fire; and, for his incessant chatter about ghosts, I could not read. I laid aside Timothy Dwight's "Memories"; in my mind I said to the fire, "Why, this year, when everything is a frightful mess at Yale, although no doubt it is an excellent training camp, a bit fed on George Moore's wet nursing of his life, do I for the first time turn to histories and memoirs of the college past, why, can you tell me, you spluttering boob which I refuse to get up to fix, did I look at Timothy Dwight's picture in the Art School for half an hour, until I had to leave in a rush, because he seemed to move, and start to answer my questions? And why, suddenly, this past so glorious, and why does Romance walk in the Sixties, where last year Mrs. Queen Victoria walked, and why, and why, and why?" From the couch I could just reach the fire, I gave him a kick. As a gouty bachelor, flattered by the season's belle that his fox trot is still chirp, will thereupon buy a purple necktie, so the fire shot up a ribbon of flame; but his voice muttered squeakily, he was old. "When I was a tree," said the fire,

"I used to watch them jump from bed at five on snowy winter mornings quite cheerfully to attend prayers in that dreadful place which ousted my ancestors, chapel, I think they named it, blowing on their hands, and calling gaily to one another: a stupid, dreary place, out of which the Freshmen struggled first, but the Seniors had to wait to bow before an old man, who bowed back, perhaps they prayed to him too, I don't know. And then they would without breakfast go to recitations, I could look into one of the classrooms, a bare room, with benches along the walls, and they sitting on the benches, their backs to the walls, and nothing in the middle, and a desk at one end where sat a man, and talked, and talked. Scholars slept and lived in those classrooms, and ate there, caring for them in return, and I remember the boys did not like to go to one room, because the man who kept it ate cheese every day. They did not then fly around on bicycles, or post bills all over me, which is monotonous if you're a popular tree, or dress in funny clothes, except once a year, to kick large brown egg things about, but they studied hard, some of them actually said right under me they liked it, and if they hadn't," the fire raised its voice, "where would you be now?" "There are such things as water," I said. Replied the fire, "You throw water on me, and I'll go right out!" You're going out anyway," I said, "but don't take offence." "Pop!" said the fire, vaguely pretending he wasn't, "Change the subject!" I said, "even with their sterner life, these men you knew, weren't they our replicas? They gained intrinsically what we gain from college, laughed, joked, fooled after our manner, played the very game, made the same admired friends, loved the same stolen hours of ease." "Well, I should be made into matches, and get lit!" sizzled the fire. "You should have seen them in May and June, after they'd been here four years, and got six weeks' vacation at the end before Commencement. They couldn't go home, no railroad then, and what larks, and what talks. Six weeks in New Haven, and nothing to do, yet everything to do, a place fit for gods, they'd say! I don't know how many pairs have promised under me to name their sons after each other. And there still are Bills and Toms and Charlies every year, so I guess they did! Yes, sir," said the fire, "it's too bad my next existence is to be fertilizer, because I've seen a lot.

I've seen the large societies die, and the small ones born, and some of them die; I've heard the praise of the new buildings, and I've seen those same buildings torn down, and others built, and those in turn torn down, I have; I've watched them get more interested in out of doors, kicking things around, throwing a round bit like a puff ball at each other, and writing magazines, and playing plays, and parading at night in gowns with lanterns, and finding places in which to eat, and whatever they do when they come home late and break the windows. And I've thought when I'd hear them read in that place—chapel—well, I guess I know who are they that builded better than they knew. I've seen them, those men of renown, the mighty men of old, going about in their top hats and shawls, and my leaves have fallen where they walked . . . ”

Very suddenly the chimes in the chapel tower punctuated at the same moment one o'clock, and the fire's remarks.

“Well,” said the fire, weakly, “wouldn't that quench you? That's what these new fangled chapels are always doing. I can't see why men changed from trees—it took a lot of decent treatment from us, and gave it to the stones. No more do you get asleep, or talking, than one of these chapels splits out, and something queer's bound to happen at one o'clock, when there's a man thinking of last year, and a chapel speaks, and a fire is dying. I won't be able to say much for a while . . . I . . . ”

The fire's voice was still, the room was still, a hush knelt over all the world, not even a footstep on the sidewalk below the window. My eyes were impelled towards the glowing depths of the fire, depths that gradually began to change, and merge, and break, and fuse, forming shapes every second more recognizable, until at last I saw in the scarlet depths a face that I knew so well, a face round, shining, and very pink, like a rose apple, with heavy glasses, and hair never to be brushed, a body long and thin, and most imperfectly graceful, that skipped and hopped from swimming pool to book shop, from magazine office to club; a drawling voice, high keyed, rich with wise wit, and with wisdom witty; a strange mediæval sort of person. I saw him writing ten poems before lunch, reading a score of books before supper, talking endlessly throughout the evening, and receiving a zero in Physics the next day. How I wished I could

insult him once again, to gain the retort, nimble, quick, piercing to the point; could hear him read his latest poem, even though, believing him a new sprung Keats, I would lose my last dollar by lending it to him to procure an evening of ripe olives and pink drinks; yes, that I could have an appointment with him, just for the satisfaction that would be mine in the absolute knowledge he would not be there. . . .

Another face in the fire, fat, light-haired, with blue eyes very wise and old, a voice speaking of people we both knew, to which I could listen for hours, and listen for hours, and yet again—hearing him divide all men into the possible and the impossible, with no purgatory for anyone at all, seeing him with unerring touch figure events to their conclusion, and win his goal in the end. I saw him in the fire, his jolly fat body half covered by a torn bathrobe, his face streaked ludicrously with grease paint from last night's show, himself utterly unmoved by having missed a morning's classes. Lord, to be once more with a crowd around a table in a gay room, and him leading songs out of a battered song book—to be again absurdly at peace for an hour or so, with never a thought save "Old Man Finnegan," and did or did not his whiskers grow in again, and in how many keys this point could be decided. Again to argue hours, interminable, inexhaustable, religious arguments, attaining always the same point, the point at which they began . . .

This time a face, thin, round-eyed, full-lipped, a body tall, finely built, a brain quick and clear. I saw him seated in delicious laziness on a window seat, commanding things to be done, and, strangely, getting them done. To be ordered on an errand, to refuse, then in a wink to find yourself flat on the floor, minus breath, minus thought, with one hundred and seventy pounds of muscle slithering your stomach around—even that. To tell him stories about people and happenings, to make up monstrous lies, in order to see him listen in the attitude, "You are slightly amusing, but what you say means nothing at all to me." To sit with him again hour after hour far into the night, talking of everything, and nothing, how you can make ten thousand a year, and what we think of Mary. The well-ordered rhythm between mental and physical development, the astonishing belief, not a bit pride or arrogance, in himself . . .

Other faces, score on score, their voices, their mannerisms, what they stood for, what they did, then softly, slowly as the light's appearance in the morning, and as suddenly, droned the fire's muttering voice, "Everything's a mess at Yale, a mustard, murky mess, and what in God's name is going to happen now they've finished tossing Wilhelm? Eh? You know, perhaps, now your faces are among the men of renown, perhaps as far as Yale goes they are the men of old, have spent their day . . . and yet . . . and yet . . . "

"Fire," I said, "You are old, you are dull, you are gauche, you have forgotten how you once put forth new leaves. These faces are not the faces of the men of old at Yale, but of the men of the present. Their's to accept the challenge, if they will; their's to receive the privilege of guiding what is best out of the last century into the future; their's the right to say what shall be here for the unborn men. It is excessively probable that this wreck in affairs became a God-send, that through it will filter out all that was better lost; that in the re-birth, with the ardent help of the faces, will survive what is finest in the life of old at Yale, to gain immeasurably, being stripped of the dry, dead skins."

Almost I heard the fire's answer, "Yes . . . "

I rose, and looked through the windows at the towers. Like Camelot in the mist were they, bespeaking the spirit forever existent, the tiles dully gleaming here and there under their wetness to the dim yellow moon. "The lamps will be lighted again," I thought. "Again the lamps will be lighted, to burn, if these faces will it, more brightly than ever before." I turned back to the fire.

But the fire had died. The room was growing chill. Night fear was creeping all about, and strange fancies. While deciding to go to bed, I opened Timothy Dwight's "Memories," and read.

And this is what I read,

That, once in the old days a professor saw beneath a horse a child, weeping, and said he, "Why do you cry?" Just then the horse moved along, the child, wailing louder, moved with it, as if imprisoned. "Because I can't get out!" cried the child. "Lo!" said the professor, to prove he was a professor, "Just come out!" And so the child did.

Don M. Campbell, Jr.

"OUTRE-MER."

U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION, KILLINGHOLME, ENGLAND.

April 28, 1918.

DEAR M.:—

The biggest sorrow that has ever come into my life was the loss of Steve Potter on the 25th. He was brought down in a fight between two of our machines and seven Huns. The other machines got back all right. Tex and I are mighty proud to have been Steve's most intimate friends. Our two machines—I mean the ones in the fight—attacked the Huns and fought them like sixty before the one machine was brought down. It's splendid that Steve had gotten a Hun himself before this fight. It's a splendid inspiration to see a chap go to his death smiling and serene, without any bitterness. Steve, Tex, and I had talked over this very situation—the event of being parted—not knowing who would be first. Steve had written a letter to Tex and me, which we found yesterday. "I have perfect belief in God, and so am perfectly happy. Carry on my unfinished work." These are two of the thoughts he expressed. You cannot know how close friends we got to be, working under these conditions together. We have a perfect understanding between the three of us, which will never be broken. Tex and I can stand the loss of Steve's companionship very easily. His life has been an ideal example—straight, kind, and as generous as any man I have ever known. But what T. and I can't get over—is feeling for Steve's family. Over here we carry on, and all the engrossing war activity keeps us from grieving too much, and makes us only think of the glory. But the folks at home—who say good-bye—and then wait and hope, and hope and wait—and back us up with every means at their command—and then get the news of death—it's mighty hard on them. We are writing to them. Phil Page, Al, Curt Read, and Steve—the first four to go from the group that set sail together on the *New York*. (No, Al wasn't on the *New York* that trip.) They have certainly set a splendid pace of cheerful courage and devotion. Don't be downcast at getting a letter like this. I can't write of anything else as the thought fills my

mind. It's great to see a chap go down fighting against terrific odds—and know his courage and clear conscience.

The war is coming to mean more than anything else in our lives to T. and me. We must make good—carry on with more and more energy—and win—so that these chaps will not have died in vain. No matter how black things look, every one has confidence and more and more determination. America is the hope—"Carry on until the Americans get here"—America is the guarantee of safety—and America must prepare for such sacrifices as she has not yet dreamt of. And America is doing grandly—the ship-building—troops arriving—all the news is encouraging.

May 12, 1918.

DEAR M.:—

See where we are living now! Our quarters got overcrowded so we have been moved here—awful hardship of war again. There is the most heavenly garden in front of the hotel—and all the flowers are just coming out. I certainly wish Steve was here with us—the whole life is different without him. T. and I are first pilots now, and do a great deal of instruction work between patrols. It's fun running the big machines and our work gets more interesting every day.

Haven't the English put up a ripping fight on the West Front? The Allies' prospects of victory look brighter than ever now. The Germans can never put up a mightier effort than they did in that push—and the Allies are getting stronger all the time. Goodness, I wish I'd been in London yesterday when the three thousand Americans marched through and there was so much enthusiasm. The subs are having their style cramped more and more every day. We didn't take part in the Zeebrugge stunt, hang it—but that was fine work, wasn't it? Sorry my last letter was so gloomy—because we don't feel gloomy about Steve—we're proud of him—and anxious to carry on twice as hard as ever before—because a large part of our hearts—T.'s and mine—have gone to the west with the first of the "Three Musketeers." It makes me believe in eternal life to a certainty—the feeling we have about Steve, because we can feel his spirit present with us—and this is not theoretical either—saying: "Go to it, cheer up—you know well enough that I'm happy." I never had such a

definite conviction of the presence of a person as I keep having about him almost constantly. And this wouldn't be the case, I believe, if Steve hadn't been the true-hearted, straight, kind chap that he was.

July 11, 1918.

DEAR L.:—

There's a bit of good news for you. I got a sub the other day. It was thrilling, but I can't tell you about it as the censor would cut it all out.

Last night Ben Lee and I had a most unique and really delightful time. While coming here on the train some weeks ago, I was lucky enough to happen into the same compartment with two grand old Royal Navy Captains. They were very cordial and, before we arrived, having talked and become acquainted, one of them said to be sure to come down and dine with them whenever we could. Well, last night being our first opportunity, we called them up, and they told us to be there at seven-thirty. Before long we saw how things were. We were introduced to about five or six more great old boys—all gray-haired and old. You see, most of them had been on the retired list already for some time when war broke out, but they joined up again, and were all living at this hotel together, doing some important administrative work. They had their own special table, in the hotel dining room, and kept all the observances of an R. N. mess. The center piece was the polished brass detonator attachment from a German mine, with a miniature mast mounted in it, and up the mast was hoisted a cunning little silk white ensign (the flag of the English Navy), and next to it, a cunning little silk American flag, in honor of the occasion. It was really classic. They were the most delightful old fellows, really! The senior officer among them, Captain Pollen, R. N., is a regular world-beater. He had the Naval V. C. and told us about adventures when he was in command of an English man-of-war looking out for English interests in Chili, when Chili and Peru were at war in 1878. Ben and I humped ourselves to show our appreciation, and to tell them how many Americans had been wild to come over and fight right from the beginning, and how delighted we were to be over now—and all that sort of stuff. There were the customary toasts to the King and to President

Wilson—and they told us how much they admired the President now—and also how they had reviled him through the first years of the war. "But, by George, he was right, you know, he was dead right," is what they say now. I'll never forget that little mess of theirs—a nice little group of old codgers doing their bit—just as keen on it and as "full out" to beat the Huns as a bunch of kids—but each one of them as old as the hills in everything but spirit.

We miss Steve right along. I never realized how it was to lose a friend like that before. But it makes all the difference—that his career was a sort of blaze of cheerfulness and light—without a shadow in it—and ended as finely as anybody could.

Keep on writing about the farm—the cream, the herring, the fresh vegetables—the everything. It's like messages direct from the Garden of Allah. Oh! Last night in an American movie, which was shown on the station, there was a glimpse of the sky line of the finest city in the world. We were simply limp, for the moment, when it appeared. It's almost eight months now since we rolled seaward. Here's hoping our luck holds out.

We biked over to Thornton Abbey, which is near by, the other day. It's a bully old ruin, and if we can get off for long enough we are going to bike over to Lincoln to see the Cathedral. I would like to go back to France before long, but there's much more going on hereabouts than at our present French stations, I believe, so it's fun to be around where the fishing's good.

So long for the moment, L. You're my own dear little sister and it's no use talking about how much I love your letters. If you knew how many times they have gotten here at some crucial time when everything looked down and discouraged! You're a corker, L., so good-bye, toodle-doo, pip-pip, chin-chin.

Your affectionate and most colossally homesick brother.

August 6, 1918.

DEAR M.:—

After being here for six months or over, we get a leave of ten days. The short four-day leaves which we get from flying do not count against this. So on July 23, I got away for ten days. We had had a lot of work getting started on this station, and I

was all in—way down in weight, and flying on my nerve, which is bum stuff. So it was a godsend to get leave. In London I stayed at Chandos House, having accepted C, Countess of S.'s kind invitation. That was very pleasant, as we saw several good plays, and I slept most of the day every day. Then I had a week at D.'s little house at Frinton-on-Sea, where we had most glorious bathing, tennis, golf, dancing and utmost fun. For the first four days I did nothing but sleep, and at the end of the week had gained fourteen pounds and was in great form. Now we're back on the job with lots doing all the time and plenty of pep.

It has been the most splendid and thrilling experience to see the way the English have gradually come around from sort of scorning Americans to admiring them to a point of enthusiasm which English people seldom reach. When we came over in December, every one was glad enough to see us, but with a bit of stand-offishness, and lack of confidence. They hoped, of course, but seemed to doubt whether people who could tolerate so many notes would be worth much. No English officer would think of admitting the possibility that we could put troops in the field that would equal the Grenadier Guards, or the Highlanders or the crack Australian or Canadian regiments. Since the big victory, I have seen a good many British officers, and it is mighty satisfactory. A big Australian Captain said to us, with a kind of wonderment in his voice: "Why they licked the Prussian Guard! *We* couldn't do *that*!" An English Lieutenant who had seen the Yanks scrap near Chateau Thierry said: "I've never seen such fellows. Why, they're regular wild men, marvellous fighters. Only they really did seem a bit rough with the Huns, I thought."

Have you heard how it was in that battle? The French divisions on either side of the point of the salient were defeated and retreating—cut to pieces. The Germans were in several columns of fours, marching on Paris in the same way as in 1914, when they met two Yank brigades! Well, they didn't get another step nearer Paris. The marines, and some regulars held them until the Americans arrived in force, and licked them, and turned the whole drive back, and pushed them all the way to the Vesle. Everybody admits over here that the Yanks turned the tide in

this fight, which many call the crisis of the war. It was the Huns' best bet, and they struck a snag.

On the last day of leave, coming back through London, I saw the Griffith film, "Hearts of the World." Jiminy! but it was great. It made one's blood simply turn into ink and boil over. But what was most pleasing was that in the end of the film, which shows the career of a French village in the war, and is a sort of history, it showed the newly arrived Americans marching through the streets. And the English audience gave more applause at that than at any other part—even than when the Highlanders went over the top.

M., isn't it great to belong to such a country! I hope some one from this station will get to the States before long, as he could tell how well we have been getting along. I can't write about war stuff, as the censor is more strict every day.

It must be heavenly at the farm. I sometimes get spasms of homesickness that nearly make me burst—but enjoy being homesick, all the same, just because home is such an ideal—sort of distant, haloed vision of everything in the world that it right. M., your pride and trust in us over here is the one thing which keeps us keyed up.

Bless you all. Letters are simply meat and drink and life.

August 8, 1918.

DEAR L.:—

Pardon the general messiness of the coming letter, because I'm sitting in my little bed luxuriously smoking a pipe full of the lovely tobacco which Aunt A. gave me before we sailed—and one can't write properly under these circumstances.

Things are at last getting to look really encouraging—both on the front, and on this station. The turning point of the war seems to have come, and the Yanks turned the trick. The English morale has gone up a tremendous lot in the last couple of weeks. Glory, but everything looked black for awhile, and now everybody is simply enthusiastic about the Americans, the Americans, the Americans!

L., your recent letters have been simply great. I'm getting to be an old, old bachelor, L., think of it—twenty-one in October—but please don't "come out" until the winter after next, because

I have a feeling that by that time we will have won and "all will be revelry and joy." Ah! L.! think of it! The Germans licked, the Kaiser scalped, Hindenburg hanged—the ships full up, all sailing HOME. And F. and M., and M. and M. and you and the kids and A.—waiting on the dock. First, the golden dawn over Sandy Hook, behind us, the Statue of Liberty, and the N. Y. sky line in front—and HOME. The seventh Heaven would look like an ash can to me, compared with that sight. Let me tell you about my recent leave—ten days, mind you. No—before I forget it, listen to this and take heed. Parcels *can* be sent to the men in the Navy, stationed in England—so that perhaps a cigar or so? or a bit of Peter's, or a wee cake?

Well, to resume, I got leave. It was very enjoyable. On the way to London from here in the train I happened to be the only one in a compartment with six seats in it. After a few stations, a party of five got in—three gentlemen, an oldish lady, and a very pretty golden-haired, blue-eyed girl. Deuced pretty, I might say! The Englishmen started talking about a baseball *match* they had seen, and I volunteered a few civil remarks on the subject—so pretty soon we were getting along grandly. Finally the lady said that her husband was an M. P., and would I like to come to tea at the houses of Parliament one day, and see the house in session and all that, which I promptly accepted, of course. Then, in arranging about meeting before tea, it transpired that they were going to a baseball game in Hyde Park before it, so would I meet them there? Why, yes! But there would be a big crowd at the game, and possibly we might miss each other, so would I come to lunch first. The husband, the M. P., sort of frowned at the lady then, and looked annoyed, so I promptly accepted with gusto. We swapped cards, and they turned out to be Col. and Mrs. A. W., and the young girl, Miss F., daughter of the Governor-General of V., Australia, aged seventeen, and seeing London for the first time. Well, the lunch, the ball game, and tea on the Thames terrace of the Parliament Houses, and a visit to the House of Lords and of Commons in session, were all tremendously successful. Then I found out that they had done an awful thing. The Col. had chidden Mrs. gently on the subject of inviting strange young men in glittering uniforms to lunch, and she had called up our H. Q. on the subject of whether I was

socially correct or not, or whether I was an awful roué. Wasn't that positively wicked? Ooch! Well, I didn't find that out until later. After the tea party, Mrs. W. asked me to take them to the movies the next afternoon. Miss F. was charming, so it was arranged. The next day, then who should turn up to take them to the movies also, but Prince Albert, second son of the King. He didn't seem to be such a bad sort of cuss, and we had a very pleasant movie party. But the most successful part about it is that the W.'s have a bee-ootiful country house and estate about thirty miles from here, and I am going there on my next day off. That was a good starter for leave. Lady S. had invited me to stay at her house in London, so I was living there, in an enormous and frightfully bang-up sumptuous apartment—a suite of three rooms, with an aged, but odiously skilled valet to take care of me. Lady S. was just as nice as she could be to me—and everything was great.

Then, after four days in London, I went to D.'s at Frinton-on-Sea, which is the Black Point of England, and had *such* a heavenly time. So now it seems good to be back on the Station, and to hear the motors roaring out their four hundred horsepower.

But English people are essentially different from Americans in so many ways that I long all the time to get home. They are mighty nice to us all, but Home is Home, and nothing can touch it. I hope you can somehow realize what letters mean to us here. To me they are the underlying inspiration of the life. Without the knowledge that you are constantly looking to us—this would be a tough proposition. But it isn't—because you are all so splendid.

John Jay Schieffelin.

SIGIL. COLL. YALEN.

(A New Song for Yale.)

Now, when the drums shake the heart of the nation,
Now, when all roads we may take lead to France,
What shall assure us a clean consummation?
Under what sign may we trample on Chance?
Night and the wind stir the elms of the campus,
Ghostly with memories of Winthrop and Hale—
It is their seal, theirs alone, that must stamp us!
Light and Truth! Light and Truth! Elihu Yale!

Comrades and classmates have laughed and departed,
Giving their lives in the cause of the just;
Duty was theirs, and they met it high-hearted.
Duty is ours to keep sacred that trust.
Not in the days when the foe's team would fear them,
Smashing the line like a hammering gale,
Had we so mighty a reason to cheer them!
Light and Truth! Light and Truth! Elihu Yale!

More than the gold of all actual knowledge,
More than the worth of a body of friends,
More are the things you have given, oh College!
Courage abiding though fortitude ends!
Safe in our hands are your gifts valedictory,
Sure to endure where all ardors must fail!
See! by their aid we lay hold upon Victory!
Light and Truth! Light and Truth! Elihu Yale!

Stephen Vincent Benét.

CALLERS ON BUMDIDDLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bumdiddle, after ten years of consecutive wedlock, were neither in love with each other, nor in hate. It did not in fact occur to either one that the other was an object to be loved or hated; cheese if it were loud you scorned, highballs if half in half you desired; but Bumdiddle, to Mrs. Bumdiddle, inhabited the index in the manner of natural phenomena—the ocean, which never runs dry (no, if he could avoid it, did Bumdiddle)—the weather, something irrevocably at hand, excessively impertinent about your most particularly private affairs, but rather unexplainable, and very liable to do anything at any moment anywhere for no apparent reason. So likewise, Madame Bumdiddle to Bumdiddle somewhat resembling the ocean also, which at intervals, if you felt in the mood, and could find no one else, made for unlimited possibilities in the way of parties—but, more often, as unto the mountain, if not actually in the road, at least obscuring the horizon, and practically impossible to escape, or by climbing over, or by hiding. Mr. Bumdiddle called Mrs. Bumdiddle “Squirrul,” probably because of her marked likeness to a kangaroo; Mrs. Bumdiddle, if she called him anything, usually referred to Mr. Bumdiddle as “here” or “say,” or if on an especially auspicious outing, as, merely, Bumdiddle. Each enjoyed a personal fund of loose change, thereby eluding the common cause of finite realization of the other, the dependence of one-half on the second for food; lacking this, they were infinite, the only difference being that the female Bumdiddle, whose obliging uncle had died, having obtained her money through inheritance, was considered by the male a “loafer,” while Bumdiddle, who must work for his by cheerfully fibbing his soul to Hades for Tammany Hall, seemed to his spouse a “new rich.” Mrs. Bumdiddle could never remember where, or, as she declared almost twice a day, why she met Bumdiddle, or how they happened to be married; thus, on his side, Bumdiddle; it appeared to them like being born, suddenly you were just there, only in their case, it had come to pass after the mode of twins, without,

however (wretched wet-blanket), their happy prospect of escape from physical proximity. Suddenly, it seemed to Mrs. Bumdiddle, a new element had been added to an already over-crowded creation; she now counted them—earth, water, air, fire, and Bumdiddle. The peculiar status of their respective selves, like eternal rocks that you do not even attempt to push, or ozone, which you do not even consider living without, was one of the two points they agreed on—that, and the high advantage of a perpetual running acquaintance with those excellent brothers, Haig and Haig. Feeling so about one another, and Haig and Haig, it was but natural that they had no tiny Bumdiddles further to mess the house.

On that memorable night of the day when the armistice was declared at twelve by the *Mail*, and countermanded at three by the *Sun*, of course Mr. and Mrs. Bumdiddle decided it was up to them to celebrate. When they realized that in truth there was nothing to celebrate, they decided to celebrate as usual nothing; and, since they were celebrating nothing, it seemed altogether fitting and proper to celebrate with each other. But even though you had started out together, that was no reason you should so end; and when, therefore, having paid for her share of two bottles of the brothers, which Bumdiddle slipped quickly one in either pocket, Mrs. Bumdiddle turned to see the tail of Mr. Bumdiddle's coat vanishing out the door, and then around the corner of Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue, she was not shocked, nor enraged, nor chagrined. She merely looked in her purse to see if she had enough to buy a third bottle, discovered only a quarter, departed to the store, and over an incredibly tasteless milk shake at a near-by soda fountain, decided that anyway there would in all likelihood be a second armistice to celebrate, which she could arrange to accomplish minus Bumdiddle, and that, since she had been celebrating nothing, and nothing, namely, Bumdiddle, was the one thing with which conscientiously to celebrate nothing, she would go home to bed. Bumdiddle was somewhere, it was enough; later he would come back, and then he would pay for that lost bottle.

She boarded the subway in the Grand Central Station, rode to Fourteenth Street, and soon after retired solemnly to her side

of the Bumdiddle bed in the Bumdiddle apartment on Twelfth Street. . . .

"Squirrul! Squirrul!"

Mrs. Bumdiddle turned over in bed, and lit the night light. Two o'clock. Surely that couldn't be Bumdiddle arrived home, not as early as two o'clock, unless he had met no friends, and that was most unlikely, as he belonged to a Club. "Strange fact, Bumdiddle belongs to a club, and I don't," sleepily considered Mrs. Bumdiddle.

"Squirrul!"

It must be Bumdiddle.

Mrs. Bumdiddle closed her eyes, frowning egregiously; under the drowsy impression, it would convey conviction.

"Shut up!" murmured she, "I'm asleep."

"Squirrul." Mr. Bumdiddle stood beside the bed, a great glass of whiskey and soda in his hand, which he alternately offered to his own and his beloved's nose for inspection. The worthy gentleman had assumed the role of a temptress. "Now get up, and drink this," pleaded he, "and get dressed, and don't act up, because Mr. Stodbutch, the secretary of the Club, has come to call, and a man I know you'll like, whom I call Westy."

Mr. Bumdiddle had discovered a boon companion that evening, Westy. He neither knew nor cared to know his name, enough that he came from Westchester, a county famed, because framed, in Tammany. Mr. Bumdiddle had adopted Westy immediately, the more so because he too was quite evidently the friend of Haig and Haig, indeed, had been particularly amiable with them that very evening.

Suddenly, regally disdaining the temptress's wiles, Mrs. Bumdiddle sat straight up in bed. Mr. Bumdiddle very sensibly rushed to close the door, no telling what might happen now Squirrul was awake, and his friends were in the room just beyond; but too late.

"I don't give a damn," said she, most emphatically and loudly, "who's here. Get out!" and switched out her light and lay down in bed.

"Sh, sh, Squirrul," hissed Mr. Bumdiddle, putting himself on the other side of the door, and closing it. On entering the other room he found a catastrophe. Obviously Mr. Stodbutch had heard his hostess's glad greeting; obviously it had affected him severely. He was a tall, rangy, large-framed man, mustached, and heavily eye-glassed, but his life had been lived in a dim atmosphere where absolute frankness was taboo, and now his face was blanched.

"I know I shouldn't have c-called so l-l-late," Mr. Stodbutch was stuttering, vainly attempting to fit Westy's derby on his own head. "Bummie, I knew she would not like my c-calling now, particularly as I never c-called before. In Paris I might do it," Paris was the Sodom and Gomorrha of Mr. Stodbutch's mind, "but in New York—"

"Once I saw a purple guinea pig," began Westy, as a matter of general information.

"Come!" Mr. Stodbutch's tones were almost shrill. "We must go—"

"But now there is a green guinea pig," unperturbed, continued Westy.

"Tut! tut! Why certainly not, she wants you to stay," said the polite Bumdiddle, helping himself to the drink in his hand. "Have a drink. That's just Squirrul, she's a great little kiddie, is Squirrul. You play the piano, and she'll be out in a jiffy. You see. Women can't keep away s'long as there's a good time, and if we're going to break the lease, we might as well break it to-night—to-night, might as well break it to-night, to-night, might as well—" Mr. Bumdiddle, graceful as the antedeluvian hippopotamus, was executing a Russian ballet solo, to the edification of the chandelier, which rattled at a great rate, and threatened to descend any instant with amusement, on Mr. Bumdiddle.

Mr. Bumdiddle suddenly discovered his guests inactive, as they stood before his dancing entranced, and stopped.

"Here!" he commanded, pushing them indiscriminately about, "You have a good time! You play the piano, and I and Westy'll sing. She loves it, she'll come right out, give her time to put on her corsets—"

"Bumdiddle!" It was the voice out of the clouds, it was the writing on the wall, it was the great divide, the crisis, lo! it was Mrs. Bumdiddle, fully clothed, in their midst, a goddess. Her face was read, but her voice was cold. "What—were—you—saying?" said she, spacing her words like bombs.

"I was just saying, my dear," said Mr. Bumdiddle, a pacifist in a moment, "to Westy, and Stodbutch, the Secretary, that you would come out as soon as you put on your corsets, and—"

"She has," said Westy, who was observant.

"Sir!" said Mrs. Bumdiddle; and then, with extreme unction, "since no one will introduce us, Mr. Stodbutch—"

"Oh," said Bumdiddle, "Stoddy, I thought you knew, this is Mrs. Squirrul—"

"It is not!" said Mrs. Squirrul. "This is Mrs. Bumdiddle."

"That," said Westy, innocently, "was a yellow, bloody guinea pig."

"What!" screamed Mrs. Bumdiddle.

Mr. Stodbutch, the Secretary, advanced double time (hun! too! hree! horrh!) to the rescue.

"Er—you see, Mrs. Bumdiddle . . . he is not—that is . . . Bummie . . ."

But Mrs. Bumdiddle was herself a friend of the merry pair; she knew.

"I'll Bummie Bummie, all right," threatened she, apparently a sugar bowl of sweetness. "When we lived in a house, I used to put all Bumdiddle's friends to bed in rooms up and down the hall. It's too bad the apartment's so small." Then, very slowly, her eyes glued on her altogether too nonchalant husband, "Say, aren't you in wrong enough with me already?"

"Now, Squirrul," said Say, "don't you be inhos-inhos-inhospitable. I think that's the most inhospitable thing I ever heard you do—"

"My lamp!" interrupted Mrs. B. in ghastly tones.

Westy, suddenly swerving towards the door, most unexpectedly had encountered a table, whose crown was a pink lamp.

"Not at all!" said Westy, whose face was a trifle yellow. Attempting to steady the trembling lamp, he knocked over a pile of

books. "Thank you. I think I'd better go."

"I think you'd better go in there," Mrs. B. pointed inexorably at the bathroom door. "Bumdiddle! Take his arm."

"Yes, Squirrul!" With Bumdiddle on one side pushing, tugging, and making more trouble than fifty steam derricks, with Stodbutch fluttering along on the other side, with Mrs. Bumdiddle to show the way, Westy was properly navigated—but in time, for no sooner had he reached the door, than with an ineffable sigh, mistaking the bath tub for a bed, he collapsed head first into it.

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Bumdiddle. Mr. Stodbutch, grasping Westy beneath the arms, began vainly to drag him out, under the vague impression that after all a bath tub was scarcely the place—

"Stop!" said Mr. Bumdiddle. "Stop it! I know! The best thing is to let them sleep. Go on!" He marshalled his spouse and the Secretary to the door, pushed them into the sitting-room, and, having lowered the light, himself followed.

"Bumdiddle," said Mrs. Bumdiddle, "My God, have you a cigarette?"

"Now, Squirrul, don't please smoke." Bumdiddle was all gesticulations at the back of Mr. Stodbutch; finally, as the undaunted Squirrul, having discovered a box of Murads in Westy's coat, prepared to light one, in a stage whisper, articulating extremely clearly, "*Mr. Stodbutch doesn't like to see ladies smoke.*"

Squirrul struck a match, applied the fire to the end of her cigarette, and slowly blew it out, exhaling a great cloud of smoke into Mr. Stodbutch's perplexed face, which that gentleman had just turned in supplication toward her.

"If," said she, with emphasis, "Mr. Stodbutch doesn't like it, he knows what he can do."

"N-now, please, Mrs. Bumdiddle," Mr. Stodbutch blushed an intense purple. "Bummie, I never said anything of the sort."

"Yes, you did." Mr. Bumdiddle was whole-heartedly against being made a liar in his home; that was his business. "You said," he imitated Mr. Stodbutch's shrill tones, "Why, Bummie! Do *you* let your wife smoke?"

This was pure insult, considered Mrs. B.; this must stop. Said she, "Bumdiddle has nothing to do with it."

Mr. Bumdiddle, quickly extracting a roll of bills from his vest pocket, waved them at Mrs. Bumdiddle's nose. "You needn't be so smart, you loafer," he screamed, "I don't have to borrow from you!"

Mrs. Bumdiddle made a powerful but ineffectual grasp at the bills. "Perhaps you can pay me for that little bottle you stole then!" Her voice aped the prima donna even more conclusively than Bumdiddle's.

Mr. Bumdiddle, as if he saw a highwayman, stuffed the bills in his shoes; he realized immediately his utter mistake, and sought to remedy it. Flattery was his most potent weapon, it had often served to turn aside wrath far better than a soft answer. "Look, Stodbutch," said he, eyeing the enraged Squirrul after the fashion of the ancient slave purchasers, "Look at her, she isn't much in the face, is Squirrul, but she's got some little figur—"

But Squirrul was adamant to flattery. "I suppose," she remarked coldly, "that you helped Bumdiddle drink up my bottle, didn't you, Stodbutch?"

Mr. Bumdiddle was shocked to the core. "Ssh, Squirrul!" he poked her. "*Mr.* Stodbutch!"

"Stodbutch!" said Squirrul, inevitably.

It was a deadlock, with Madam Bumdiddle a bit in the fore. Mr. Bumdiddle knew that for his happiness the subject must be changed. He also realized that since many hours he had desired something. The two ideas met, embraced, made friends.

"Squirrul," said he, "won't you cook us some coffee, or a chop?"

"I will not," said Mrs. Bumdiddle.

"Did you ever see anything so inhostpitzable!" exclaimed the outraged Bumdiddle to anyone in hearing. "Are you or are you not going to cook us a chop?"

Mrs. Bumdiddle fixed Mr. Stodbutch with an eye that would force those of the Ancient Mariner to hide in shame; with deadly point on the last word, said she, "Do you want a *chop*?"

Mr. Stodbutch in his vision saw a chop as the least unusable object in the world, an object to be forever avoided, to shield children from, a thing to flee, to fight, to kill.

"No, indeed," quavered he. Had he said, "Yes," he felt at best the ceiling would have fallen on him.

Mr. Bumdiddle was at his wit's end; affairs were in a parlous state. Suddenly his roving eye caught an inspiration. Picking up a small crockery pig, the pride and joy of Mrs. Bumdiddle's existence, because she herself had sowed its back with Japanese seed grass, and watched it grow greenly luxurious, he placed it jauntily on the head of a plaster cast lion.

"There!" said he, "that's Stodbutch, sitting on the head of the British Lion."

Stodbutch the pig regarded Stodbutch the Secretary for a moment in awed silence; it was dreadfully still; each felt something was wrong in the situation, that one or the other was out of place. Finally the mighty eye of Stodbutch the Secretary conquered, for Stodbutch the pig became embarrassed, lost its hold on the British Lion, tumbled to the floor, and there dissolved into a thousand pieces.

Mrs. Bumdiddle could only gasp.

Stodbutch the Secretary realized that a crisis had arrived, and must be diplomatically avoided.

"Really, I'll have to go," said he.

"Too bad," said the rather too willing Mrs. Bumdiddle, with visions flying through her head of Bumdiddle, alone, in her power, something on the order of the classic sugar plums that supposedly fly through the children's heads on Christmas Eve. "I suppose the one in the bath tub will go too." In a wink she had rushed Mr. Stodbutch to the bathroom, soaked a towel in cold water, and shoved it into the brain-sick Secretary's inefficient hands. "Here, you crack him on the face with that, and wake him up," commanded Mrs. Bumdiddle.

But this was too much, this was the last straw that would break Bumdiddle's back.

"Squirrul!" said he from the sitting room, and his voice was truly majestic, a king speaking to his shirt holder, "Squirrul, you come here!"

Mrs. Bumdiddle had never heard Bumdiddle speak like that before; in spite of a ten years' aversion to doing anything he asked, she went.

"That there was the end!" said he, glaring at her, the tail of the pig, which he had picked from the floor, crackling in his feverish hands. "You have been inhospitable enough. You want to turn that poor boy, that Westy, out on the cold street to-night. You are awful, and if you turn my friends out," his voice thundered as on high, "I will go too, tha's all."

For the first time in her life Mrs. Bumdiddle saw Bumdiddle as a human creature, some flesh, a few bones, and one or two hanks of hair. Gone up the chimney the natural phenomenon, the ocean, the weather; come a man, with a bald crown, pouchy eyes, and a dewlap chin—head, eyes, and chin, that, in spite of their, shall we say, beauty? meant a good deal in Mrs. Bumdiddle's life. St. Simeon saw visions, and Galahad the Holy Grail; but their emotions could not have touched Mrs. Bumdiddle's surcharged feelings at that moment. She was fascinated by that chin; hardly realizing what she did, she grasped it with both hands. Her teeth were clenched as if she endured frightful pain.

"Bumdiddle!" she wailed, tugging at the chin, "If you don't stop acting up, I'll—I'll *get you!*"

"Leggo my chin!" spluttered Mr. Bumdiddle. "Squirrul!"

Mrs. Bumdiddle's hands dropped. With that abominable nickname, as suddenly as it had come, had flown her vision, flown the head, the eyes, and the dewlap chin, returned out of the chimney the natural phenomenon, that might do strange things, but was ever unconquerably present, and most of the time in the way.

"All right, go on out," said Mrs. Bumdiddle. "I never said what's-his-name couldn't stay if he wanted to, and you know it. Here," she snatched a pillow from the couch, "we'll put this behind his head, and he can sleep in the bath tub till doomsday, I don't care."

It is doubtful if Westy could have done anything else, because the wet towel and Mr. Stodbutch had made not the slightest impression on him. Silently Mr. Stodbutch turned out the light, silently closed the door, and, with Mr. and Mrs. Bumdiddle in the lead, returned to the sitting-room.

"Now I shall really have to go," said Mr. Stodbutch. "It's very late, and I'll get Westy in the morning. Thank you very much, Mrs. Bumdiddle, for the charming evening."

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Bumdiddle. "Have you a cigarette on you?"

"You must come to dinner sometime," said Mr. Bumdiddle quickly, to cover Mrs. Bumdiddle's latest lacking in tact. "Do!"

"Thank you, I will," called Mr. Stodbutch from the elevator, inwardly taking a million vows to do exactly the opposite. "Good-night, Bummie."

"Bye," said Mr. Bumdiddle, busily brushing up the pig.

Half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bumdiddle were occupying peaceably their respective sides of the Bumdiddle bed, a wide, downy bed, in which I gather they nightly lay as natural phenomena, obviously conscious of each other, until the grave, by proving they were not eternal, introduced them.

Don M. Campbell, Jr.

IN PRAISE OF GUYNEMER.

SENEX: Come in, come in, my friend. You will enjoy my fire, for the air is sharp outside. I see you have let in some puffs of that tremulous blue fog, and a few spiritless leaves have been lifted over the threshold.

JUVENIS: I have been on a long walk, and this is rime of the sea on my collar. The world was reduced to mist and sea, and in this simplification I was looking for a literary form into which I could pour the thoughts of Guynemer that fill my mind. For a while I thought of a masque, laid, I said, "on the reverse of the medal struck in his honor, the particular medal, if my fancy is granted, that lies before Rostand or D'Annunzio." The sculptor has shown the very pavement of the sun, whereon the Winged Victory, unpedestalled, and the shoulderless riders of the Parthenon recount to one another the honours that would have been celebrated in their days, for such a one. Then up the stairs comes the aviator himself, dragging one foot after another, and pulling at his glove,—modest, bewildered, boyish,—But the idea suddenly lost all its color, like a pebble that lying in the pool gleams with inner and surface lights, but on being held in the hand a while,—

SENEX: I know, I know.

JUVENIS: I don't have to recount to you the other suggestions that came to me. I have walked eleven miles to no purpose.

SENEX: You are set upon saying something in praise of Guynemer without delay?

JUVENIS: Yes. How long is it since we have had a man of action with so perfect a legend? An ode came into my mind first.

SENEX: Let me advise you for a while against the apostrophes and "compositions of the direct address," such as "Oh, Guynemer! between a cloud and a cloud, look down!"

JUVENIS: I don't know whether you're serious,—

SENEX: I am. Treat the War, a nation or a hero, with what we might call "reticent indirection." Realize them in a half-line, or a paragraph suddenly come upon. This method of allusion is one peculiar to English poetry, because it occurs frequently in Shakespeare and Milton whose marks are upon us. There are many persons, figures, in our traditions that come down to us, not as the subjects of some play or poem, but wholly through passing references. Our Savior Himself, is brought nearer to us in those many uncelebrated phrases in Elizabethan drama—scattered like emeralds on a green cloth, for only the eager to find—than in the labor of *Paradise Regained*.

JUVENIS: But I have already tried that, in the *Crusaders* thing, and now regret that the reference was so slight . . . Guynemer had a great ancestor, you know, a certain Guinemer, at Jerusalem . . .

SENEX: Then if when you wrote it you felt deeply, we will look forward to that half-line with more anticipation than to the masque.

JUVENIS: I feel more deeply now.

SENEX: And yet you are not French. There is a kind of doctrine abroad in France that tribute due the dead, that is to the humble, unknown dead of the trenches, may be paid to Guynemer, because in the great days of the first two years they looked up from their trenches to his airplane, and murmuring "Guynemer," gazed on their hope. The farmer's son has no tablet in the Pantheon, save that to Guynemer, nor the pedlar's son, and so on.

JUVENIS: Why are you silent?

SENEX: This veneration will grow. His place is beside the heroes he mused upon. And in distant ages when scholars shall say patronizingly of references to this war: "No doubt there was a struggle of some kind"; when our records, having passed under the contempt of a rising race, shall be neglected and lost; and the nationality of Shakespeare will be held in dispute, and of the remaining plays it will be denied that *Hamlet* and *Twelfth Night* are from the same hand; and Virgil shall become the name of a mood, and Dante of a shaking dream; and our language shall be mixed with the Chinese as oil and water are mixed; and

an aërial kingdom shall hang suspended over the South Sea islands; and scholars be poking about for Rheims, as now they do for the Skaian gate;—in after time Guynemer shall rise, like Hector undoubtable, from a mythic war. Georges Guynemer descends History, like a stream down the face of a mountain, making the whole green, and from time to time reappearing in springs and waterfalls.

JUVENIS: I am too young to derive comfort out of prophecy.

SENEX: What! are you going back now?—through the violet dusk, and the falling leaves.

JUVENIS: And by the ocean, where as I came three hundred gulls sat on the waves facing the wind. Eleven miles will not half suffice for the polishing of my half-line.

SENEX: Perhaps, if you feel intensely—

JUVENIS: And remember Hector—.

Thornton N. Wilder.

CAROLINE DECIDES.

CAROLINE wanted to get married. Other girls, much younger, had rushed into matrimony and spent delightful four-day honeymoons in all the fervor of war-time excitement. She had been out two years now and began to feel decidedly on the shelf. Her sister, Sheila, had made a most brilliant match. Caroline felt pangs of jealousy when she contemplated her sister's country estate on Long Island and her suite of rooms at the Gotham, where she spent the winter months in a round of incessant gaiety. The family very seldom saw her. Occasionally she consented to chaperone some of Caroline's affairs, where she sat on the side lines and flirted outrageously with the older men of the party.

Of course, there instantly rose the question of who was to be the man. Caroline had romantic inclinations toward several people of her acquaintance, but they were all on the other side. They were, of course, out of the question. There was Dick Witherspoon. He hadn't gone over yet. He had the misfortune to be only a private. If he had an income of his own—but he hadn't—or if he had been an impecunious young officer, her grandmother would have been only too glad to have him come and live with her. But how could she have a large military wedding when Dick was so low down in the military social scale? Have corporals for ushers? Oh no, Dick would never do!

Caroline was living that winter with her grandmother, Mrs. Du Cret, in a large, old-fashioned, red brick house in West Tenth Street. Caroline's father, Dr. Sinclair, had been called abroad on active duty. Mrs. Sinclair, according to her custom had had a nervous relapse and had departed South. Caroline had had her choice of going with her mother or staying with Mrs. Du Cret. Knowing the somewhat dubious joys of travelling with her mother Caroline had chosen the latter. Sheila, it is true, offered a weak, verbal invitation, that Caroline might come and stay with them but no one thought anything of that. Ac-

cordingly the Park Avenue apartment was closed and Caroline was established in Tenth Street.

Mrs. Du Cret was a delightful old lady. She was a type of rich, conservative, old New York. In her day, she had been a beauty and a belle. She remembered when Fourteenth Street was fashionable, and her friends were mostly rich old ladies, who lived in shut up, brown-stone fronts, in noisy, downtown, side streets.

Caroline adored her grandmother. Being a perfectly normal girl, she realized Mrs. Du Cret had a great deal of money, a large portion of which would some day come to her. She, therefore, took pains to keep on grandmother's right side. Mrs. Du Cret cared more for Caroline than the rest of the family put together. She disliked her son-in-law and distrusted her daughter's many nervous afflictions; and as for Sheila, she considered her conduct unspeakable.

Caroline from upstairs heard voices in the drawing-room and she went down. A young officer, sitting beside her grandmother, rose as she came into the room. He was tall and had very sparkling black eyes. He was good-looking without being handsome. They had a delightful afternoon. Mrs. Du Cret was a very spirited conversationalist. She was not like many old ladies who are content merely to listen. When it was time to go Captain Mason went with evident reluctance.

"He is a very nice young man," said Mrs. Du Cret when he had left.

Caroline got up and kissed her grandmother. "My dear!" said Mrs. Du Cret, surprised but pleased nevertheless by this sudden affection.

"I like him too," Caroline confided.

"My dear," said Mrs. Du Cret, "you must never let him realize it. A man likes only what he has to struggle to get. Remember that, my dear—it is the winning card."

"I will," said Caroline obediently.

Caroline upstairs looked at herself in the mirror. It was a pretty face and it usually gave her immense satisfaction. To-day she studied it carefully. "I wonder what kind of a girl he likes," she thought. "I could be the kind that finds society empty and useless and goes in for deeper, serious things. Oh no! that would

never do, he would think I was a failure when I came out. That kind always are. I might be literary and write and have a mission in life. No, I am sure he wouldn't like that. He was too clever himself. He made no end of fun of those Osborne girls, who think they can paint. Those awfully clever people like nice, homey girls, the kind that can make cake and always sit down to tea promptly at four and get rattled if called up unexpectedly on the 'phone. That's the kind I'll be, the nice, old-fashioned girl. Grandmother and this house make such a splendid background."

Having definitely decided on her course of action, Caroline took up housekeeping as a preliminary. She asked her grandmother the most searching questions on how things were done and insisted on going to market herself. Mrs. Du Cret was a bit puzzled but she let her have her way. Caroline also decided to make a cake. Mary was much pleased at Miss Caroline's interest in the culinary department and allowed her when the dough was ready to put it in the oven. Caroline decided to have that cake for tea.

It was a cold, gray afternoon and Caroline wished for callers. She had scarcely made this mental desire, when the door-bell rang and Dick Witherspoon entered.

She was really very glad to see him but she couldn't help contrasting his ill-fitting woolen uniform with Captain Mason's good-looking serge. "I have been helping grandmother keep house," confided Caroline. "I was born to be a housekeeper. I helped make that cake too," she added casually.

Dick Witherspoon was quite overcome. His mother had always objected to Caroline on the ground that she would turn out to be another butterfly like Sheila. Here she was taking the most active interest in all these homely pleasures. He would have to tell his mother. "It's excellent cake," he said, taking another piece.

It promised to be a very pleasant afternoon but it was interrupted by the arrival of Captain Mason. Here was a dilemma, an officer and a private meeting this way. It would have been much pleasanter if he had arrived some other day. Dick had a distinct advantage. He had known Caroline always and called her by her first name. He seized the conversation and by pur-

suing it in a purely reminiscent way, he talked of people and things in which Captain Mason could not possibly have a share. Caroline in vain tried to start more general topics. It was useless. She threw out explanatory sentences that Captain Mason might the more readily follow their conversation. But with the exception of an occasional "Indeed," or "Is that so?" he took no part. It was a miserable affair. She realized that Captain Mason was being extremely bored and it confused her so that she found herself putting cream and lemon in the same cup and things of like nature.

Dick stayed on and on. He was taking a malicious pleasure in her discomfort. She fairly hated him. They both left together and when they had gone, she realized that Captain Mason had not heard a word either about her marketing or her cake. She was thoroughly annoyed.

Sheila very seldom called on her grandmother, but one afternoon when she had finished her shopping, she decided to motor down and spend a brief fifteen minutes with the old lady. She really should see Caroline too. "I wish I had time to do all the things I should," she said to herself.

There were voices in the library and she went upstairs. Caroline was entertaining some one. "I wonder who it is," said Sheila, and she went in.

She interrupted a low-voiced tête-à-tête. "Why, Ted Mason!" cried Sheila, suddenly recognizing an old admirer, "how are you?" She and Ted Mason had had a violent flirtation several years back and she considered him legitimate prey.

"Why in the world should Sheila come this afternoon above all!" thought Caroline bitterly. This was only Captain Mason's second visit and they had just begun to get acquainted. Sheila was really beautiful and Caroline was forced to sit by and watch her use those dazzling eyes to great advantage. "I declare," remarked Caroline to her grandmother afterwards, "Sheila would flirt with any one." When her sister rose to go, Caroline faced her with frankly accusing eyes.

"I am sorry, dear, if I have spoiled your party," said Sheila, "but," and she glanced at her sister, "I am sure you are able to keep up your end." She offered to take Captain Mason uptown in

her limousine. Caroline from the window watched them drive off.

"It's all right to be sweet and home-loving, but with girls like Sheila around it is entirely too passive. I must be more active," she reflected.

Mrs. Du Cret was most obliging. Captain Mason was invited to dinner and he responded with flattering alacrity. Then came a series of small dinner parties, theaters and informal dances. It seemed commonly understood that Captain Mason should go with Caroline. The only person that objected to this was Dick Witherspoon.

One day while going down the avenue in her car she saw him and stopped to pick him up. "I haven't seen you for a long time," he said. It was true. At Caroline's parties there had been only officers and Dick had been excluded.

"I say, is this true what I hear about you and Captain Mason?" he asked.

"How can I tell? I don't know what you hear," replied Caroline.

"It would be awfully stupid living in Boston. It is so hard to find your way around," he remarked irrelevantly.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind," replied Caroline airily.

"Well, wherever you live, please don't forget your old friends," he said, beseechingly.

"Why, Dick, what a silly idea, of course I wouldn't forget any one," replied Caroline hotly, but conscious nevertheless that it was a just accusation.

It was his corner and they parted. Caroline noticed that he gazed rather wistfully at her car, as it slowly drew away. "Poor old Dick, I haven't been awfully nice to him," thought Caroline as she sat back in the seat. The look in his face as she had left him made her feel rather sad. It would be hard to give Dick up. She had forgotten just how fond she was of him. She felt vaguely unhappy all the way home.

"Still," she thought, "every marriage must have some drawbacks." This was a consoling thought and it was aided materially by finding on her return a box from the florist's sent by Captain

Mason. "He's a perfect dear!" cried Caroline delightedly as she drew out the fragrant roses from among their crinkly paper.

Captain Mason was most devoted. Every time he came in town he took Caroline out to tea. He delighted to walk up the Avenue with her and see the admiring glances that she drew and the envy of his unattached brother officers. Several times they went to the opera. Mrs. Du Cret looked fairly regal in her diamonds and Caroline like some lovely flower. He could see various opera glasses, some surreptitiously, others openly, focussed on their box, when they came in. Caroline's girl friends began to whisper and exchange meaning glances when they saw them together. Some one had even asked her grandmother if it were going to be announced. This was like incense to her nostrils.

Then one day it happened. They were sitting after dinner in the little conservatory back of the dining-room. Caroline's lovely face was upturned to his. He was bending over her. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, he bent down and kissed her. He expected to be instantly reprimanded, but nothing of the kind happened. Caroline was no longer the old-fashioned girl. She was Sheila. She nestled in his arms. "Dearest," she murmured.

Captain Mason left that evening in a most disturbed state of mind. Caroline's last words were ringing in his ears. "What a mess, what a mess," he groaned. Did Caroline think they were engaged? Couldn't a girl even receive any attention without her leaping to one conclusion? It was evident that she was very much in love with him. Had he raised any false hopes during the winter? Bits of conversation that he had taken as good-natured joking came back with painful vividness. Of course he had rushed her. How often he had been there to see her. She could only have thought one thing. He never thought, though, she had taken it as seriously as that. Then he remembered those obvious remarks that some of her friends had made. "It's awfully hard on her," he reflected. Why if he dropped out now she would think him an unspeakable cad! "Oh what had I better do?" he groaned.

Caroline and Mrs. Du Cret were sitting in the library. Caroline was holding a telegram in her hand. "It is from Captain Mason—he's been called over-seas," she announced. "Of course

he won't be here for our dinner," she added as an after-thought.

Mrs. Du Cret was stunned. "My dear, how extraordinary! I haven't heard of any one else going from his regiment. It seems to be a special mission."

"Apparently," said Caroline. Mrs. Du Cret looked up. There seemed to be a trace of bitterness in Caroline's voice but her face gave no evidence.

"A gentleman to see Miss Sinclair," announced the maid.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Du Cret.

"A soldier—Mr. Witherspoon," she replied.

Caroline rose; a faint color creeping into her cheeks. It was a sweeter and a repentant Caroline that went down-stairs. There was a look in her eyes that Mrs. Du Cret could not understand. Caroline had decided. Mrs. Du Cret picked up the discarded telegram. "Humph," she said.

John Wiley.

THE RAIN.

AFTER supper I stretched out on the window seat next to an open window. When it rains in June at first in the dank heavy air you are vaguely afraid. Your stomach has an empty, a gnawing feeling, and you think, "I'd hate to be in the rain." The sky is sheltering black, the air is black, the room beyond the windows' pale is black. You cannot see the desk, the dirty fireplace, and you look out the window. Boys scurry about on the paths below, rushing towards their entries, their uniforms blown to shape their bodies by the wind, their faces blurred white splotches in the dark, their voices, rising uncannily loud, contributing terror to the scene, as do the knocks at the postern, in Macbeth; the trees, their leaves indistinguishable, become dull, waving masses, like strange sea plants discovered through depths of waters; the red brick of the buildings loses color, all the out of doors fades into brown grey, save that now and again across the way windows glare from hastily lit rooms, where lights, red silk and wicker-shaded, or green, hang as if lacking cords above sloppy tables. A boy, half naked, his skin shining tan and healthy, drags on his pajama coat; other boys, undressed or not, wander around behind different windows; one in a running shirt bangs on a rented piano.

Then it is black as sin. The windows emerge, red crayon in a charcoal drawing; the chimneys are almost lost in the wild sky, so very near to it they look. If it intends raining, it should rain now; but it doesn't, only a splash or two on the window sill; suspense rules the moment, an idea of incompleteness in affairs. I stretch, and turn towards the window, letting my hand slide over the ridges in the casing until it scratches sensuously on the rough brick of the building wall. I settle back. I watch the sky grow a trifle lighter. It grows light before it rains; then suddenly, perfecting the instant, it rains, faster, faster, great blotches, soon smoothing all a shade darker, yet quietly, decently, for there is no wind. No longer is there fear, nor wind; only mildly dropping, soothing rain, and imperceptibly, more light.

My mouth is tasteful with pork and apple sauce, my joints are still, and tired; I lie back not supporting my limbs, my mind relaxes, and I smell a pleasant scent, a scent like one I used to know, rising perhaps from a wooden drawing board that is wet from the rain, a scent that reminds me of soggy wooden paving blocks. I am lying in a play clubhouse, the abode of the Jefferson Athletic Club, built of paving blocks piled five feet high, and roofed with old shutters, discarded from the long gloomy windows of 1860. Outside the rain is falling. It is late in the afternoon, and growing dark besides the darkness of the rain; but there's comfort sitting on ancient tatters of rugs in the block house, and fun, with a shock haired boy, a yellow shock haired boy, whose white teeth, one of them broken and mended a duller white, show through red open lips. We sit together, backs against the wall, legs extended straight in front, in the place we call the meeting room, and consider my moustache, a gift horse newly sprung, a hair or so. He has no gift horse, not even a yellow down, people still dare to look him in the mouth; but he is nevertheless a trifle jealous.

"I've got someone else to play center," says he. "Somebody a darn sight better'n you."

But little I care about that, not much; however disparaged my moustache be, yet it is a moustache, and I know it, infinite in possibilities, to be a walrus, or a goat, who knows?

"All right," say I, and we are silent. I lean back, supreme in victorious consciousness, hard against the paving block wall, a wall of blocks not fastened, merely piled.

"Cut it," says he, "the roof's tipping."

But no bossing for me; I, not he, possess the moustache. I lean harder, the roof shakes and trembles, a block slips from place.

"Gosh!" Quickly catching the falling roof, he pushes it aside. It thumps to the ground a foot beyond me; the house is in ruins.

"You fool! If I hadn't done that, you'd have gotten it on the bean."

I am silent in embarrassment; then, "Thank you very much," I say, not knowing exactly what to say. And presently we go into the real house, the house in which I live, and I steal ginger-

bread, baked for supper, but, to the unhappy cook's bewilderment, eaten rather earlier, and we drink fresh amber cider out of the cook's pantry.

Another time it is raining. I am standing before a drawing table hopelessly drawing a girl's head which will never be accepted by the magazine, or if it is, will be reduced in the printing to the size of a quarter. I have so aged that my moustache is a bore, extending as it does, spottily, over my chin and cheeks. The door opens, and a tall boy enters, with yellow hair parted in the middle, and teeth, one dull, that show through his lips.

"I was certainly surprised to see you this morning," says he. "You haven't changed though."

I am insulted. I feel quite different from what I did five years ago, the last time I saw him.

"Neither have you," I retaliate; but it does not worry him. He does not want to change, and I think, "Well, perhaps you don't need to."

"I didn't know you could draw."

"I cant." But he does not praise, he talks about old times. I like him immensely.

"Well, I must go on to Biology Lab. Come and see me, I live in Wright."

But during that Freshman year, Wright is a far-away castle, the dwelling place of kings. Inwardly I resolve not to go.

Nevertheless, "All right, fine," I say, and he slams the door. At the window I watch him, broad-shouldered in his swinging rubber coat, splash through the puddles with his goloshes. I admire him immensely, and decide to assault even Wright.

But I never go.

Again the rain, the rain, and I am walking through the street, a letter with a newspaper clipping pinned to it clasped in my hand deep down in my coat pocket. Not a fear now of Wright, not a fear of anything; I feel as if the stones I tread are my own. But my mind is busy, and I seem to see a boy, a man, with yellow hair hid beneath a leather cap of the aviation, mouth shut tight, sinking, sinking towards the sea, pursued by four other men in aeroplanes. The sea reaches up its hundred hands, the sea closes its

arms, the sea is as if nothing had happened—except that I imagine perhaps a few raindrops are splattering its stillness. “Four to one in the air, fighting to the end, brave to the end,” I mutter to myself, and read again the newspaper clipping splashed now with rain until the paper turns a muggy brown. “American Aviator Killed in North Sea. Four German Planes—”

“Brave, brave, and fine—” I feel my lips moving. I am strongly conscious of them, and of a sweaty, damp body. My hand scratches along the brick, and I snatch it away. I am looking out the window, lying on my window seat. In the shower room someone is with singular modesty shouting, “They always follow me—!” The rain has all but ceased, being only a faint drizzle. The trees and the buildings have regained their shapes and colors, and on the roof across from my eyes, the tile slates are glowing pinkish white in the light. A dim yellow tinges the clouds, despoiling the grey monotony of the sky. High and high it moves, and with it moves the light; until the yellow and the light together tear a rent in the sky, and, shoving aside the clouds, leave jagged edges agold to turn restlessly around a taste of evening blue far off beyond the drizzling rain.

Don M. Campbell, Jr.

A STATUE FOR SAINT XAVIER.

A MERCHANT traveling through the realm of Spain one day met up with a wandering priest upon the great high road to Madrid. Finding that they were bound for the same place, they agreed to travel together, beguiling their tedious way with pleasant talk on divers matters; and so by degrees, as they became more intimate, they began to speak without restraint about their private affairs; and the priest, trusting thoroughly in the honor of his companion, told him the object of his journey.

"For some time past," he said, "I have nourished a wish that has engrossed all my thoughts; for I am bent on erecting an image to Saint Xavier. With this object I have wandered through various provinces collecting alms and I have succeeded in raising one hundred ounces of gold—enough, I trust, to erect a handsome carved figure."

Hardly had the merchant heard these words of the priest than an evil desire arose in him, and he thought of all that he might buy with so large a sum of money. And so he began casting about for the best means of gaining the priest's wealth. But the priest, far from guessing the drift of his companion's thoughts, journeyed cheerfully on till they came to the shores of a small lake, which was crossed only by a ferry.

Here the two travelers embarked in the boat along with several other passengers. When the ferry was about half-way across, the merchant noticed the priest leaning over the side of the boat, gazing at the fish at play deep in the water. When no one was looking the merchant tripped him up, and flung him headlong into the water. When the boatmen and passengers heard the splash, and saw the priest struggling in the water, they were alarmed, and made every effort to save him, but the wind was fair, and the boat running swiftly under the bellying sails, so they were soon a few hundred yards off from the drowning man, who sank before the boat could be turned to rescue him.

When he saw this, the merchant feigned the utmost grief and dismay, and said to his fellow passengers, "This priest, who was just lost, is my cousin, he was going to Madrid to visit the shrine of his patron, and as I happened to have business there as well,

we arranged to travel together. Now, alas! by this misfortune, my cousin is dead, and I am left alone."

He spoke so feelingly, and wept so freely, that the passengers believed his story, and pitied and tried to comfort him. Then the merchant said to the boatmen:

"We ought by rights to report this matter to the authorities but as I am pressed for time, and the business might bring trouble on ourselves as well, perhaps we had better hush it up for the present; and I shall go at once to Madrid and tell the Bishop there, besides writing home about it. What do you gentlemen think?" he added, turning to the other passengers.

They were glad enough to avoid any hindrance to their journey, and all with one voice agreed to what the merchant had proposed; and so the matter was settled. When, at length the boat reached the shore, they left it and every man went his way. But the merchant, overjoyed in his heart, took the wandering priest's luggage, and putting it with his own, pursued his journey to Madrid.

On reaching the capital, the merchant changed his name, and commenced trading with the dead man's money. Fortune favored his speculations and he began to amass great wealth, and lived at his ease, denying himself nothing; and in course of time he married a wife who bore him a child.

Thus the days and months wore on till one fine summer's night, some three years after the priest's death, the merchant stepped out onto the veranda of his house to enjoy the cool air in the shimmering beauty of the moonlight. Feeling dull and lonely he began musing over all kinds of things, when on a sudden his deed of murder and theft, done so long ago, vividly recurred to his memory, and he thought to himself: "Here I am, grown rich and fat on the money I wantonly stole. Since then, all has gone well with me; yet, had I not been poor, I had never turned assassin nor thief. Woe betide me!" and as he was revolving the matter in his mind, a feeling of remorse came over him in spite of all he could do. While his conscience was thus smiting him, he suddenly to his utter amazement, beheld the faint outline of a man standing near an olive tree in the garden; on looking more attentively, he perceived that the man's whole body was thin and worn, and the eyes sunken and dim; and in that poor

ghost before him he recognized the very priest whom he had thrown into the lake without the city. Chilled with horror he looked again and saw that the priest was smiling in scorn. He would have fled into the house, but the ghost stretched forth its withered arm, and clutching the back of his neck, scowled at him with a vindictive glare and a hideous ghastliness of mien, so unspeakably awful that any ordinary man would have swooned with fear. But the merchant, tradesman though he was, had once been a soldier, and was not easily matched for daring; so he shook off the ghost, and leaping into the house for his dirk, laid about him boldly enough; but, strike as he would, the spirit fading into the air, eluded his blows and suddenly reappeared only to vanish again; and from that time forth the merchant knew no rest and was haunted night and day.

At length, undone by such ceaseless vexation, the merchant fell ill, and kept muttering, "Oh misery! misery! the wandering priest is coming to torture me!" Hearing his moans and the disturbance he made, the people in his house fancied he was mad, and called in a physician who prescribed for him. But neither herb nor potion could cure the merchant whose strange frenzy soon became the talk of the whole neighborhood.

Now it chanced that the story reached the ears of a certain wandering priest who lodged in the next street. When he heard the particulars, this priest gravely shook his head as though he knew all about it, and sent a friend to the merchant's house, to say that a wandering priest dwelling hard by, had heard of his illness, and were it never so grievous, would undertake to heal it by means of his prayers; and the merchant's wife, driven half wild by her husband's sickness, lost not a moment in sending for the priest and taking him into the sick man's room.

But no sooner did the merchant see the priest than he yelled out, "Help! help! Here is the wandering priest come to torment me again. Forgive! forgive!" and hiding his head under the coverlet he lay quivering all over. Then the priest turned all those present out of the room, put his mouth to the affrighted man's ear, and whispered:

"Three years ago, on the lake, you flung me into the water; and well you remember it!"

But the merchant was speechless and could only quake with fear.

"Happily," continued the priest, "I had learned to swim and dive as a boy; so I reached the shore, and, after wandering through many provinces, succeeded in erecting a carved figure to Saint Xavier thus fulfilling the wish of my heart. On my journey homeward, I took a lodging in the next street, and there heard of your strange ailment. Thinking I could divine its cause, I came to see you, and am glad to find I was not mistaken. You have done a hateful deed; but am I not a priest, and have I not forsaken the things of this world, and would it not ill become me to bear malice? Repent, therefore, and abandon your evil ways. To see you do so I should esteem the height of happiness. Be of good cheer now and look me in the face, and you will see that I am really a living man, and no vengeful goblin come to torment you."

Seeing he had no ghost to deal with and overwhelmed by the priest's kindness, the merchant burst into tears, and answered, "Indeed, indeed, I do not know what to say. In a fit of madness I was tempted to kill and rob you. Fortune befriended me ever after; but the richer I grew, the more keenly I felt how wicked I had been, and the more I foresaw that my victim's vengeance would some day overtake me. Haunted by this thought, I lost my nerve, till one night I beheld your spirit, and from that time forth fell ill. But how you managed to escape, and are still alive, is more than I can understand."

"A guilty man," said the priest, with a smile, "shudders at the rustling of the wind or the chattering of a bird's beak; a murderer's conscience preys upon his mind until he sees what is not. Poverty drives a man to crimes which he repents of in his wealth."

Thus he held forth; and the merchant who had long since repented of his crime implored forgiveness, and giving him a large sum of money, said: "Half of this is the amount I stole from you three years since; the other half I entreat you to accept as interest, or as a gift."

The priest at first refused the money; but the merchant insisted on his accepting it; and did all he could to detain him, but in vain; for the priest went his way, and bestowed his money on the poor and needy. As for the merchant himself, he soon shook off his disorder, and from then on lived at peace, revered both at home and abroad, and ever intent on charitable deeds.

Buchanan Bernardin.

PORTFOLIO.

WINTER SEA.

Who hath not heard the sea on windy nights
Mournfully sob a sullen threnody
Around the coast? Who hath not heard it moan?
Its ceaseless waves that sweep before the gale
Hammer the cliffs in sorrow pitiless
While dusk November holds the iron shore
In grasp tyrannic? Yond the sea gulls shriek,
And in their strident cries I seem to hear
Barbaric voices wailing through the gloom,
Mourning the ages: old Icelandic ghosts
That weep wild sagas in the thralling mist
Of Lief the Lucky's war keels long ago.

Thomas C. Chubb.

—The room had no pictures on the wall, but a large chandelier of cut-glass pendants hung down from the middle of the ceiling. There were chairs, and some people sat in them and some were standing in groups, and some were walking from one group to another, and some were just coming in the door, where they were greeted by the hostess, with the light deflected from the glass pendants streaming on her broad, fat shoulders.

Soon the bustle and chatter died down a little, and then stopped altogether. The pianist had entered. He was rubbing his long hands together. His hands seemed to flow out of his black sleeves, and they seemed too, too, long. His hair was wavy and uncombed, his face was pale, and his nose was long and fine. He was not introduced to any one, and he noticed no one. He came in and hurried over to the piano, with the hostess following uncertainly behind him, and he smote it a smashing blow with both palms. No one moved. In the room, there were the four bare walls, and chairs, and a very dignified piano, and a red rug, very smooth, and thick and soft, with a symbolic Egyptian design of flower crests on Astarte's holiday, and people, sitting down.

"Now I shall play," said the artist. I shall play well to-night for you, Mrs. Walker."

The hostess smiled uneasily. Her name was Mrs. Ascot.

The pianist was playing. There was still the glow of refracted light in the chandelier, and the people sat very still in their chairs. Some stared at the wall opposite; some had glued a smile on their faces, like a false moustache; one rather simper lady had put her head back and to one side and shut her eyes ecstatically and was nodding her head. But she was nodding her head out of time with the music. Suddenly she sat up; "I'm going to take off my shoes," she said.

R. M. Coates.

—The man whose story is here to be told was the wealthiest and most influential man in his parish; his name was Martinelli. He appeared in his priest's study one day, tall and earnest.

THE
BLESSING.

"I have gotten a son," he said, "and I wish to present him for baptism."

"What shall his name be?"

"Giovanni—after my brother."

"And the sponsors?"

They were mentioned, and proved to be the best men and women of Martinelli's relations in the parish.

"Is there anything else?" inquired the priest and looked up.

The peasant hesitated a little.

"I should like very much to have him baptized by himself," he said finally.

"That is to say on a week-day?"

"Next Saturday, at twelve o'clock noon."

"Is there anything else?" inquired the priest.

"There is nothing else," and the peasant twirled his cap, as though he were about to go.

Then the priest rose. "There is yet this, however," he said, and walking toward Martinelli, he took him by the hand and looked gravely into his eyes: "God grant that the child may become a blessing to you!"

One day fifteen years later, Martinelli stood once more in the priest's study.

"Really you carry your age astonishingly well, Martinelli," said the priest; for he saw no change whatever in the man.

"That is because I have no troubles," replied Martinelli.

To this the priest said nothing, but after a while he asked: "What is your pleasure this evening?"

"I have come this evening about that son of mine who is to be confirmed to-morrow."

"He is a bright boy."

"I did not wish to pay the priest until I heard what number the boy would have when he takes his place in church to-morrow."

"He will stand number one."

"So I have heard; and here are ten silver pieces for the priest."

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" inquired the priest, fixing his eyes on Martinelli.

"There is nothing else," and Martinelli went out.

Nine years more rolled by, and then one day a noise was heard outside of the priest's study, for many men were approaching, and at their head was Martinelli, who entered first.

The priest looked up and recognized him. "You come well attended this evening, Martinelli," said he.

"I am here to request that the banns may be published for my son; he is about to marry Maria Ranthona, daughter of Georgione, who stands here beside me."

"Why, that is the richest girl in the parish!"

"So they say," replied the peasant, stroking back his hair with one hand.

The priest sat awhile as if in deep thought, then entered the names in his book without making any comments, and the men wrote their signatures underneath. Martinelli laid three gold pieces on the table.

"One is all I am to have," said the priest.

"I know that very well; but he is my only child. I want to do it handsomely."

The priest took the money.

"This is now the third time, Martinelli, that you have come here on your son's account."

"But now I am through with him," said Martinelli, and tying up his wallet he said farewell and walked away. The men slowly followed him.

A fortnight later, the father and son were rowing across the lake, one calm still day, to Peschiero, to make arrangements for the wedding.

"This thwart is not secure," said the son, and stood up to straighten the seat on which he was sitting. At the same moment the board he was standing on slipped from under him; he threw out his arms, uttered a shriek, and fell overboard.

"Take hold of the oar!" shouted the father, springing to his feet and holding out the oar. But when the son made a couple of efforts he grew stiff and could not reach it.

"Wait a moment!" cried the father, and began to row toward his son. Then the son rolled over on his back, looked for one long moment at his father, and sank.

Martinelli could scarcely believe it; he held the boat still and stared at the spot where his son had gone down, as though he must surely come to the surface again. There rose some bubbles, then some more, and finally one large one that burst, and the lake lay there as smooth and bright as a mirror again.

For three days and three nights the people saw the father rowing round and round the spot, without taking either food or sleep; he was dragging the lake for the body of his son, and toward morning of the third day he found it, and carried it in his arms up over the hills to his cottage.

It might have been about a year from that day, when the priest late one autumn evening heard someone in the passage outside of the door, carefully trying to find the latch. The priest opened the door, and in walked a tall, thin man with bowed form and white hair. The priest looked long at him before he recognized who it was. It was Martinelli.

"Are you out walking so late?" said the priest, and stood still in front of him.

"Ah, yes! it is late," said Martinelli, and took a seat. The priest sat down also, as though waiting. A long, long silence followed. At last Martinelli said:

"I have something with me that I should like to give to the poor; I want it to be invested as a legacy in my son's name."

He rose, laid some money on the table and sat down again. The priest counted it. "It is a great deal of money," said he.

"It is half the price of my land. I sold it to-day."

The priest sat long in silence. At last he asked, but gently:

"What do you propose to do now, Martinelli?"

"Something better."

They sat there for a while, Martinelli with downcast eyes, the priest with his eyes fixed on him. Presently the priest said, slowly and softly:

"I think your son has at last brought you a true blessing."

"Yes, I think so myself," he replied, looking up, while two big tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

Buchanan Bernardin.

NOTABILIA.

—It is a sacred thing to tamper with a tradition (for indeed the LIT must be called a tradition,—it has always rather shrouded itself in the past with an aloof-
TAMPERING WITH TRADITIONS. ness quaintly its own); so it is with some feeling of awe and uneasiness that the two war editors wield the pen and flourish the shears in the face of the god of war and of all Yale. For it must be admitted that no Junior class has bestowed upon them the sacred chairs, neither has any retiring Board with due decorum approved the decision of that class. Merely have they a brief warrant from the 1919 Board saying that to them is dedicated the task of preserving one more year in the oldest and most revered of all Yale's literary traditions. So with a full knowledge of all that that implies, they the more hesitatingly embark on the fearsome sea of literary troubles stretching out before them.

The LIT like its sacred triangle is confronted with three problems this year: there is no undergraduate demand for it; there are no undergraduates to read it; and worst of all there are no undergraduates to write for it. However notwithstanding these catyclusmal obstructions, it is going to publish at least three issues this year. Until the star of Mars wanes, it will be impossible for that of the LIT to shine forth more than three times.

Man does not live by love alone, and neither do magazines, therefore although we are bringing the material into regions where it has no business to intrude, we wish to say that it is through the generosity of the old Chi Delta Theta men that the LIT is being published this year. If they have no other reward than a free copy for their generosity, let them reflect on the martyrs of old—.

J. B. B.

—It is excellently satisfying; having thought of a desirable something, then to find it. Many people dream, I did, of a book shop where at ease to browse, to buy, to talk,—a book shop in which all was not bustle, burble and blurb, but, rather, quiet, with high open wooden shelves, where throned were the golden gods; with wide benches,

*THE
BOOK SHOP.*

where throned were you, to smoke, to read, to think, to speak the words you think; a book shop for gentlemen kept by a gentleman.

That is what you find, that is what you can do, in the book shop of Yale, *The Brick Row Print and Book Shop*. There you may con your favorites, and spend an hour choosing new favorites; there you may say your say, hear other men say theirs, and disagree, and who's the worse off, not they, not you; there you come upon people neither nosed nor nose; there it is a delight and a privilege, an honor and a charm, of an afternoon, or a morning, quietly, in the fullness of enjoyment, to browse, to buy, to smoke, to read, to think, to speak the words you think.

All prosperity, and all success, to the book shop of Yale, *The Brick Row Print and Book Shop*, both here, and in New York. May its rooms, as they once were, soon again be filled with undergraduates, heavies and lights, those lisping in numbers, those learning to lisp in numbers, those admiring of they who can, or will! A place eminently imbued with the true atmosphere of this University, a pleasant mixture of dust and fresh air.

D. M. C.

—The traditions that in past years have covered the Campus like a blanket and crannied into its every corner are fled, not like the children lured by the *"WHERE ARE THE SNOWS OF YESTERYEARS."* Piper's music, but like rats leaving a drowning ship. Somewhere in the summer of 1918 they must have received word of the impending collegiate tragedy, for when the first men began to arrive back bright and early this Fall they had stolen away like the Arabs. One came triumphantly back for two short useless weeks and then lowered once again its lofty head. Another one has appeared even more grandly than before, and is pursuing its course gloriously untrammelled by any of the restrictions attending the others. The remainder are yet in hiding, but when the atmosphere changes, as the signs are now portending, they will all reappear again to maintain the generations to come in the glorious paths of those who have gone before them.

J. B. B.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Roll of Honor from March to December, 1918.

Andrew Carl Ortmyer, 1906 S.
Frank Gibbes Montgomery, 1915 S.
Wallace Charles Winter, Jr., 1918 S.
James Ely Miller, 1904
James Webster Waters, 1911
Edward Louis Stephenson, Jr., 1920 S.
Samuel Denison Babcock, 1897
Stephen Potter, 1919
Albert Emanuel Johnson, 1914 S.
Wilson Marshall, Jr., 1920
Lloyd Seward Allen, 1910 S.
James Seferen Ennis, Jr., 1915
Earl Trumbull Williams, 1910
Ebenezer Bull, 1915
Mortimer Park Crane, 1917
Edward Everett Tredway, 1901
John Douglas Crawford, 1911
Coleman Tileston Clark, 1918
Joseph Emmet Beaton, 1916 S.
Frank Walter Hulett, 1908 S.
Caldwell Colt Robinson, 1919 S.
Edward Hines, Jr., 1918 S.
Marston Edson Banks, 1917 S.
Joseph Graham Trees, 1919 S.
Cyril Barlow Mosher, 1919 S.
Frank Stuart Patterson, 1918
George Knight Houpt, 1916

John Prout West, 1916 S.
Casper Marvin Kielland, 1916
Gilbert Nelson Jerome, 1910 S.
Clarence Emir Allen, Jr., 1913
George Waite Goodwin, 1916
Daniel Waters Cassard, 1916
Thomas Vincent Stilwell, 1915 S.
John Williams Overton, 1917
Arthur Fuller Souther, 1917 S.
Hezekiah Scovil Porter, 1919
James Alexander Moseley, 1915
Howard Willis Arnold, 1914 S.
Joseph Andrew Glover, 1913 S.
Jarvis Jenness Offutt, 1917
Greayer Clover, 1920
Henry Gilbert Woodruff, 1915
Van Horn Peale, 1917 S.
Leonard Sowersby Morange, 1918
Frank Ronald Simmons, 1917
Julian Chambers Warner, 1916 S.
Kenelm Winslow, 1905
Lester Clement Barton, 1906
Philip Dietz, 1915 S.
Walter William Smyth, 1917 S.
Douglas Bannon Green, 1904
Levi Sanderson Tenney, Jr., 1920
Bronson Hawley, 1903
Philip Johnston Scudder, 1906
Paul Wamelink Wilson, 1907 S.
James Robertson Carey, Jr., 1914 S.
Joseph Brown Bowen, 1917 F.
Hubert Coffing Williams, 1906 S.
Robert Howard Gamble, 1915
Allan Wilkins Douglass, 1919
Oliver Baty Cunningham, 1917

Garnett Morgan Noyes, 1910
Joy Curtis Bournique, 1918
Alexander Agnew McCormick, Jr., 1919
William Harmon Chapman, 1912 S.
Lester Hubbard Church, 1920 S.
Ammi Wright Lancashire, 1911 S.
Chester Harding Plimpton, 1914 S.
William Bernard McGuire, 1912
Russell Jay Meyer, 1916
Cleveland Cady Frost, 1917
John Franklin Trumbull, 1902 S.
Henry Treat Rogers, 2d, 1914
John Francisco Richards, 1917
Ralph Talbot, 1920
Alexis Painter Nason, 1915
Richard Lord Jones Connor, 1908
Charles McLean Smith, 1908
George William Mueller, 1911 L.
Charles Wolcott Willey, 1916 S.
William Huntting Jessup, 1915
Henry Blair Keep, 1915
John Leavens Lilley, 1909 S.
Sydney Francis McCreery, 1914 L.
Philip Livingston Rose, 1916
Gordon Lockwood Schenck, 1913
Robert Henry Coleman, 1915
Clarence Eames Bushnell, 1921 S.
Sheppard Bliss Gordy, 1910 S.
Lucian Platt, 1912 S.
William Noble Wallace, 1917
Reginald Stanley Young, 1917
William Wallace Newcomb, 1908 S.
Charles Loomis Dana, Jr., 1908 S.
George Chester Hubbard, 1913
Sheldon Eliot Hoadley, 1915 S.

Lucius Comstock Boltwood, 1916
Wilfrid Corrigan Bourke, 1916 S.
Kenneth Rand, 1914
John Morrison, 1917 S.
John Case Phelps, 1906
John Joseph Fitzgerald, 1914
David Winans Lusk, Jr., 1912 F.
Harold Ludington Hemingway, 1914
John Paul Jones, 1912 L.
Archibald Coats, 1920
James Kirby Burrell, 1912

BOOK REVIEWS.

Guynemer, a Knight of the Air. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill, with Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. (Yale University Press. \$1.45.)

Should the Yale University Press elect to follow in its footsteps of the *Chronicles*, and *Guynemer, a Knight of the Air*, then undoubtedly this column will become a monthly pæon in its praise. *Guynemer*, assured in literary interest, since it is by Henry Bordeaux, and is admirably translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill, is a book on the war quite by itself, that must have been as great a delight to print as it is to read; not alone being essentially á propos, but also attaining high rank as a writing. It is a work of Art and Inspiration most happily mingled, careful and lofty, painstaking and shot with gold, a book over which you miss appointments, because you cannot put it down, a book to which you return again and again, because it is living. Since it is the tale of the hour's hero, from his birth, to his nearly mythical death, you would say it could not be otherwise but of widest interest; but when with that interest is combined the excellent good taste of the Press in the mechanics of book issuing, the singular sympathy of an excellent translator, and the genius of a genius, then all you can do—is to remove your hat before all three.

D. M. C.

The Chronicles of America. In fifty volumes. Edited by Allen Johnson. (Yale University Press. \$3.50 a volume. Entire set must be subscribed.)

The present reviewer has neither the knowledge nor the desire to criticize in detail so admirable a project as the fifty volumes included under the title, *The Chronicles of America*; sufficient the sentence that the ten volumes already published are among the most interesting and inspiring books he has ever read. Not content with completeness of information, they contribute also that detail so necessary to full enjoyment, a very true and tri-

umphant literary charm. Their worth, their advantage, their need, are obvious; their appropriateness is supreme. May he, in behalf of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, add a word to the ever-increasing recognition of the Yale University Press, its most high help to the power of the University, its greatness in achievement as a publishing house? Very assuredly, of the several enterprises under the Yale Seal, the Press among the first merits the admiring and undivided support of both the Alumni and the undergraduate bodies.

D. M. C.

Fairies and Fusileers. By Robert Graves. (Albert A. Knopff. \$1.50.)

Why some people have the audacity to publish books of poetry will always remain one of the great mysteries of the literary world! This is indeed a great mystery in the case of Robert Graves who has just put out a book of verse somewhere between the style of Kipling and Service, which seems to please Masefield greatly. Yet one might have had anticipations of the inside from the vaunting purplish cover and the green title-strip. The poems lack beauty, imagination, and everything poetic. He is decidedly one of the new voices untrammelled by the gyves of poetic traditions; would that he were a little more hampered by them!

J. B. B.

Young Adventure. By Stephen Vincent Benét. (Yale University Press. \$1.25.)

It is a real achievement to publish a book of verse while an undergraduate; it rises into a veritable triumph when that book of verse is marked throughout with the essence of real poetry—and such a one is *Young Adventure*. Its true charm lies in the blending of careful words to a meter exactly suited to the sense. Mr. Benét possesses that very rare faculty of epitomizing in one brilliant, lucid simile, a whole paragraph of description.

The opening poem is the longest and best—a poem that more than deserves the high honors already bestowed upon it. It

